

THE

Aldburgh

CONNECTION

Hugo Wolf and his Poets



Walter Hall
Saturday, February 22, 2003

presented in
association with



HUGO WOLF AND HIS POETS

Saturday, February 22, 2003

CD 2003--31

12 noon to 1 pm: introduction to Wolf and his settings of Mörike, Eichendorff and Goethe, with Helmut Reichenbacher, Bruce Ubukata and Stephen Ralls.

2 pm: from the Mörike songbook

CD 2003--32

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung

Peter McGillivray *baritone*

Der Tambour
Nimmersatte Liebe
Fussreise

James Levesque *baritone*

Gebet
Verborgenheit

Catherine Robbin *mezzo*

Elfenlied
Das verlassene Mägdlein
Storchenbotschaft

Glynis Ratcliffe *soprano*

Auf ein altes Bild
Schlafendes Jesuskind

Catherine Robbin

Peregrina I
Der Feuerreiter

Stephen Erickson *tenor*

Zur Warnung
Bei einer Trauung
Selbstgeständnis

Wayne Gwillim *baritone*

An die Geliebte
Abschied

Peter McGillivray

INTERMISSION

CD 2003--33

3:30 pm: from the Eichendorff songbook

Der Freund

Trevor Bowes *baritone*

Der Musikant
Das Ständchen

Peter McGillivray

Der Soldat I

Trevor Bowes

Die Kleine
Die Zigeunerin

Allison Bent *soprano*

Nachtzauber
Der Glücksritter

Jesse Clark *baritone*

Heimweh

Peter McGillivray

Der Scholar

Jesse Clark

Seemans Abschied

Trevor Bowes

INTERMISSION *CD 2003 - - 34*

4:45 pm: *from the Goethe songbook*

Harfenspieler I

Jesse Clark

Mignon I, II, III

Catherine Robbin

Philine

Allison Bent

Mignon (Kennst du das Land)

Catherine Robbin

Der Rattenfänger

Peter McGillivray

Epiphanias

Susan Black *mezzo*, Allison Bent,
Katherine Whyte *soprano*

Die Spröde

Katherine Whyte

Die Bekehrte

Phänomen

Susan Black

So lang man nüchtern ist

Peter McGillivray

Grenzen der Menschheit

Anakreons Grab

Catherine Robbin

Epilogue: Ergebung (poem by Eichendorff)



The programme is devised, and the songs accompanied,
by Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata



We wish to thank Roger Moore for sponsoring Catherine Robbin
in this afternoon's concert.

We are most grateful to
The Julie-Jiggs Foundation
and
the John R. Stratton Estate
for their support of our three programmes
celebrating the music of Hugo Wolf

Celebration is not really part of it. We must remain perpetually saddened that the career of one of the greatest *Lied* composers was cut short so brutally in his 43rd year. Two hundred and forty five songs were published in his lifetime, and nearly a hundred others posthumously — this does not seem a meagre bequest. On the other hand, when we think that a normal life-span would have brought Hugo Wolf into the era of Alban Berg, Igor Stravinsky and Francis Poulenc, that (as has been said) he might have ended up writing the opera *Wozzeck*! — we are entitled to feel deprived of a heritage that might have been.

Frank Walker, the unsurpassed biographer of Hugo Wolf, ended his article on the composer in the fifth edition of Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians with the following words: "Wolf, himself a free-thinker and generally not in the least prone to indulge in mystical ideas, held that a man is not taken away before he has fulfilled his mission in life." So let us turn the coin and be eternally grateful that the musician who started with so few advantages, on whom Fortune seemed to frown so implacably, was given the role of bringing nineteenth century song to a glorious conclusion with five song-books — settings of the great romantic poets Goethe, Eichendorff and Mörike, and of German translations of Spanish and Italian folk poetry. In these books, Wolf achieved an unerring, almost frightening, synthesis of text and music, establishing his secure claim to greatness.

The crucial date was 16 February, 1888, when *Der Tambour* was composed to Mörike's poem. As Wolf quaintly said, "Eventually, after a lot of groping around, the button came undone!" Inspiration and expertise suddenly coalesced and the song-books followed in comparatively short order until March 1897. After that, mental disintegration (the result of an early contracted syphilitic infection, combined with severe manic-depression) swiftly brought an end to artistic creation. The misery of Wolf's last years can only be imagined. He died on 22 February, 1903.

What Wolf considered his life's work eluded him - the composition of a successful opera. Wagner was his idol and he hoped he would follow in the older man's footsteps, that he might (as he told his mother in 1888) "act the principal part in the world of music," that he would continue the production of German music-dramas. It was not to be; a close friend described how "deepest despondency seized him. The discernment of Wagner's immeasurable greatness, of his monstrous wealth, of the universality of his genius, exerted a crushing effect upon Wolf." The composer him-

self lamented: "What remains for me to do? He has left me no room, like a mighty tree that chokes with its shade the sprouting young growths under its widely spreading branches."

In many ways, Wolf would have been an impossible person to live with and a very difficult friend. Nevertheless, a large number of his contemporaries remained faithful in their encouragement and support. Surviving photographs belie his humour, a tremendous propensity for fun (like Schubert) and a close affinity with children. We, also, can feel closer to him today, for the following reason. One of Wolf's friends and supporters in his early days in Vienna was another young composer, this time from a wealthy family, named Adalbert von Goldschmidt — an ancestor of Toronto's most famous Viennese exile, Nicholas Goldschmidt.

However, the most important person in Wolf's adult life was undoubtedly his mistress, Melanie Köchert. She was the wife of Vienna's leading jeweller who was also one of the composer's patrons, Heinrich Köchert. Through all the vicissitudes of Wolf's erratic career and during the harrowing days of his final illness, Melanie was a faithful support to her lover - her husband, when the affair became known, seems to have acquiesced in a situation too firmly rooted to be cut short. She, above all people, was Wolf's Muse. "All my songs are for you," he told her, and called her, "A divine woman, heroic from the crown of her head to her feet." After his death, she sank into melancholia and took her own life in 1906.



The finest life of the composer is still *Hugo Wolf: A Biography* by Frank Walker (2nd edition, Knopf, 1968; paperback, Princeton, 1992). An invaluable handbook to the song repertoire is *The Songs of Hugo Wolf* by Eric Sams (2nd edition, Eulenburg, 1983).



Today, we deal with the three songbooks composed by Wolf in the miraculous years of 1888 and 1889, and with the three poets whose works he set, Mörike, Eichendorff and Goethe. The composer planned his books very carefully; our programme reflects his scheme, each songbook section opening and closing with Wolf's chosen songs and, over all, including more than a third of the total material.



**Gedichte von Eduard Mörike
für eine Singstimme und Klavier
componiert von
Hugo Wolf**

**Poems by Eduard Mörike
for voice and piano
set to music by
Hugo Wolf**

Eduard Mörike (1804-75) spent his life in Swabia, southern Germany. He was a Protestant parson by profession, but seems in many ways to have been distinctly unsuited to such a calling. As Eric Sams says: "Mörike displays temperamental affinity with Wolf. Their unworldliness often left them both dependent on the bounty of friends or the hazards of circumstance. Their creative minds shared a similar polarization of mood-swing from dark trough to bright crest, from apathy and inertia to frenzied and elated composition." Mörike's poems first appeared in his *Gedichte* of 1838. The sixth edition of 1876 was Wolf's constant companion. He once told a friend that he could not bear to part from it, even for an hour.

Between 16 February and 18 May, 1888, Wolf set 43 of Mörike's poems; another ten followed in October and November of the same year. Often two or three poems were set in one day. As with all of Wolf's production, what is astonishing is not just the fluency, but also the jewel-like perfection of musical form and the precision of word-setting. The Mörike song-book was published in Vienna by the house of Wetzler in March 1889.

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung

Peter McGillivray *baritone*

To Hope, on recovering from illness

Tödtlich graute mir der Morgen:
Doch schon lag mein Haupt, wie
süß!
Hoffnung, dir im Schoß verborgen,
Bis der Sieg gewonnen hieß.

Opfer bracht' ich allen Göttern,
Doch vergessen warest du;
Seitwärts von den ew'gen Rettern
Sahest du dem Feste zu.

O, vergib, du Vielgetreue!
Tritt aus deinem Dämmerlicht,
Daß ich dir in's ewig neue,
Mondenhelle Angesicht

Einmal schaue, recht von Herzen,
Wie ein Kind und sonder Harm;
Ach, nur einmal ohne Schmerzen
Schließe mich in deinen Arm!

Day dawned deathly pale.
But already my head lay hidden,
how sweetly,
in your lap, O Hope,
until victory was assured.

I had made sacrifice to all the gods,
but you were forgotten.
You stood aside from the eternal
saviours and watched the ceremony.

O forgive me, thou ever-faithful!
Stand out from your twilight,
so that I may for once with all my
heart look up, like a child

and free from grief, at your
eternally renewed moonbright face;
oh take me, just once without pain,
into your arms!

Der Tambour

The drummer boy

Wenn meine Mutter hexen könnt',
Da müßt' sie mit dem Regiment,
Nach Frankreich, überall mit hin,
Und wär' die Marketenderin.

Im Lager wohl um Mitternacht,
Wenn Niemand auf ist als die Wacht,
Und Alles schnarchet, Roß und
Mann,

Vor meiner Trommel säß' ich dann:

Die Trommel müßt' eine Schüssel Sein;
Ein warmes Sauerkraut darein;
Die Schlegel, Messer und Gabel,
Eine lange Wurst mein Sabel,

Mein Tschako wär' ein Humpen gut,
Den füll' ich mit Burgunderblut.
Und weil es mir an Lichte fehlt,
Da scheint der Mond in mein Gezelt:

Scheint er auch auf franzö'sch
herein,

Mir fällt doch meine Liebste ein:
Ach weh! Jetzt hat der Spaß ein End'!
Wenn nur meine Mutter hexen könnt'!

James Levesque *baritone*

If my mother could cast spells,
she'd go with the regiment
to France and everywhere
and be the vivandière.

In camp, at midnight,
when no one's up save the guard,
and everyone is snoring, horse and
man,

then I'd sit at my drum:

the drum would turn into a dish
of hot sauerkraut,
the drumsticks, a knife and fork,
my sabre, a long sausage,

my shako would be a tankard
filled with red Burgundy.
For light I'd have the moon
to shine in my tent —

even though it would shine in
French,

I'd be reminded of my dearest love:
oh dear, there's an end to my fun!
If only my mother could cast spells!

Nimmersatte Liebe

Insatiable love

So ist die Lieb'! So ist die Lieb'!
 Mit Küßen nicht zu stillen:
 Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb
 Mit eitel Wasser füllen?
 Und schöpfst du an die
 tausend Jahr,
 Und küßest ewig, ewig gar,
 Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Die Lieb', die Lieb' hat alle Stund'
 Neu wunderlich Gelüsten;
 Wir bißen uns die Lippen wund,
 Da wir uns heute küßten.
 Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh',
 Wie's Lämmlein unter'm Messer;
 Ihr Auge bat: nur immer zu,
 Je weher desto besser!

So ist die Lieb', und war auch so,
 Wie lang es Liebe gibt,
 Und anders war Herr Salomo,
 Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

This is how love is! This is how love is!
 Not to be stilled with kisses:
 who is such a fool as to try to fill
 a sieve with mere water?
 You could pour water in for a
 thousand years,
 you could kiss for ever and ever,
 and never find love's fulfillment.

For love, love has new and strange
 desires at every hour;
 we bit our lips sore
 when we kissed today.
 The girl kept quite still,
 like a lambkin under the knife;
 her eyes were pleading: go on,
 the more it hurts, the better!

This is how love is, and always was,
 ever since love has existed;
 and not even Solomon himself,
 for all his wisdom, ever loved in
 any other way.

Fußreise

A country walk

Am frischgeschnittenen Wanderstab,
 Wenn ich in der Frühe
 So durch Wälder ziehe,
 Hügel auf und ab:
 Dann, wie's Vöglein im Laube
 Singet und sich rührt,
 Oder wie die gold'ne Traube
 Wonnegeister spürt
 In der ersten Morgensonne:
 So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber
 Adam Herbst und Frühlingsfieber,
 Gottbeherzte,
 Nie verscherzte
 Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.

Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o alter

When, with fresh-cut staff
 I walk at early morn
 through the woods,
 up and down hill:
 then, as the little bird in the trees
 sings and stirs,
 or as the golden grape
 senses delight
 in the first sun of morning:
 so too, my dear old Adam
 feels Autumn and Spring fever,
 the Heaven-inspired,
 never forfeited,
 first delights of paradise.

So, you are not as evil, old

Adam, wie die strengen Lehrer sagen;
 Liebst und lobst du immer doch,
 Singst und preisest immer noch,
 Wie an ewig neuen Schöpfungstagen,
 Deinen lieben Schöpfer und Erhalter.

Möcht' es dieser geben,
 Und mein ganzes Leben
 Wär' im leichten Wanderschweiße
 Eine solche Morgenreise!

Adam, as the strict elders claim,
 but you keep on always loving and
 singing and praising,
 as if each were a new day of creation,
 your dear Maker and Keeper.

Would He grant this,
 that my whole life
 would be the gentle sweat
 of just such a morning stroll!

Gebet

Catherine Robbin *mezzo*

Prayer

Herr, schicke was du willst,
 Ein Liebes oder Leides;
 Ich bin vergnügt, daß beides
 Aus deinen Händen quillt.

Wollest mit Freuden und wollest
 mit Leiden
 Mich nicht überschütten!
 Doch in der Mitten,
 Liegt holdes Bescheiden.

Lord, send what You will,
 love or sorrow;
 I am content that both
 spring from Your hands.

But may You wish with neither joy
 nor sorrow
 to overwhelm me!
 For in the middle
 lies modest contentment.

Verborgenheit

Seclusion

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!
 Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
 Laßt dies Herz alleine haben
 Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,
 Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
 Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
 Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewußt,
 Und die helle Freude zücket
 Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket,
 Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!
 Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
 Laßt dies Herz alleine haben
 Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Oh, world, let me be!
 Entice me not with gifts of love.
 Let this heart in solitude have
 its bliss, its pain!

What I mourn, I know not.
 It is an unknown pain;
 forever through tears I see
 the sun's dear light.

Often, when I am scarcely conscious,
 bright joy breaks
 through the pain that oppresses me,
 delightfully into my breast.

Oh, world, let me be!
 Entice me not with gifts of love.
 Let this heart in solitude have
 its bliss, its pain!

Elfenlied

Glynis Ratcliffe *soprano*

Elf song

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter
rief:

"Elfe!"

Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im
Walde schlief

Wohl um die Elfe!

Und meint, es rief ihm aus
dem Tal

Bei seinem Namen die
Nachtigall,

Oder Silpelit hätt' ihm
gerufen.

Reibt sich der Elf' die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein

Schneckenhaus

Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,

Und humpelt also, tippe tapp,
Durch's Haselholz in's

Tal hinab,

Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm Licht

an Licht.

"Was sind das helle
Fensterlein?

Da drin wird eine
Hochzeit sein:

Die Kleinen sitzen
bei'm Mahle,

Und treiben's in
dem Saale.

Da guck' ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!"
Pfui, stößt den Kopf an harten

Stein!

Elfe, gelt, du hast
genug?

Gukuk! Gukuk!

At night in the village the
watchman cried

"Eleven!"

A very small elf was asleep in
the wood —

just at eleven! —

And he thinks that the
nightingale

must have called him by name
from the valley,

or Silpelit might have
sent for him.

So the elf rubs his eyes,
comes out of his snail-shell
house,

and is like a drunken man,
his nap was not finished;

and he hobbles down, tip tap,
through the hazel wood into

the valley,

slips right up to the wall;
there sits the glow-worm, light
on light.

"What are those bright
windows?

There must be a wedding
inside;

the little people are sitting at
the feast,

and dancing about in the
ballroom.

So I'll just take a peep in!"
Shame! he hits his head on hard

stone!

Well, elf, had enough, have
you?

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Das verlassene Mägdlein

The forsaken maiden

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,
Eh' die Sternlein schwinden,
Muß ich am Herde stehn,
Muß Feuer zünden.

Schön ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken.
Ich schaue so darein,
In Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Daß ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.

Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzt hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran —
O ging er wieder!

Early, when the cock crows,
before the stars disappear,
I must stand at the hearth;
I must light the fire.

Beautiful is the blaze of the flames;
the sparks fly.
I gaze into the fire,
sunk in grief.

Suddenly, it comes to me,
unfaithful boy,
that last night
I dreamed of you.

Tears upon tears then
pour down;
So the day comes —
O would it were gone again!

Storchenbotschaft

Stork's message

Des Schäfers sein Haus und das
steht auf zwei Rad,
Steht hoch auf der Heiden, so frühe,
wie spat;
Und wenn nur ein Mancher so'n
Nachtquartier hätt'!
Ein Schäfer tauscht nicht mit dem
König sein Bett.

Und käm' ihm zur Nacht auch
was Seltsames vor,
Er betet sein Sprüchel und legt
sich auf's Ohr;
Ein Geistlein, ein Hexlein,
so luftige Wicht',
Sie klopfen ihm wohl, doch er
antwortet nicht.

Einmal doch, da ward es ihm
wirklich zu bunt:
Es knopert am Laden, es winselt
der Hund;
Nun ziehet mein Schäfer den
Riegel — ei schau!
Da stehen zwei Störche, der Mann
und die Frau.

Das Pärchen, es machet ein schön
Kompliment,
Es möchte gern reden, ach, wenn
es nur könnt'!
Was will mir das Ziefer? ist so
was erhört?
Doch ist mir wohl fröhliche
Botschaft beschert.

Ihr seid wohl dahinten zu Hause
am Rhein?
Ihr habt wohl mein Mäd'el gebissen
in's Bein?
Nun weinet das Kind und die
Mutter noch mehr,
Sie wünschet den Herzallerliebsten
sich her.

The shepherd's house stands
on two wheels -
stands high on the heath,
from morning to night;
if only more people had such
night lodgings!
Then a shepherd would not
exchange his bed with a king.

And if something strange came
about by night,
he would make a little prayer
and lay down on his ear;
a spirit, a witch, and other
such airy creatures
may knock on his door, but
he will not answer.

But once it became just
too much:
the banging on the shutter, the
whining of the dog;
so my shepherd draws back the
bolts — and behold!
there stand two storks, a male
and a female.

The couple make a nice
bow
and wish to speak, alas, if
only they could!
What do they want of me? Has
anyone heard of such a thing?
Yet they bear me a joyful
message.

You live in that house back
there by the Rhine?
You have bitten my maiden in
the leg?
Now the child is weeping and
the mother as well:
she wishes for her beloved
to come home.

Und wünschet daneben die Taufe
bestellt:

Ein Lämmlein, ein Würstlein, ein
Beutelein Geld?

So sagt nur, ich käm' in zwei Tag
oder drei,

Und grüßt mir mein Bübel und
rührt ihm den Brei!

Doch halt! warum stellt ihr zu
Zweien euch ein?

Es werden doch, hoff' ich, nicht
Zwillinge sein?

Da klappern die Störche im
lustigsten Ton,

Sie nicken und knixen und
fliegen davon.

And she wishes also to arrange
a baptism:

a lamb, a sausage and a purse
of money?

Well, tell her I'll come in two or
three days,

greet my boy for me and stir his
porridge!

But wait! why have you both
come?

It won't, I hope, mean
twins?

The storks give a great rattle
with a merry sound;

they nod and bow, and
fly away.

Auf ein altes Bild

Catherine Robbin

On an old painting

In grüner Landschaft
Sommerflor,

Bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf, und
Rohr,

Schau, wie das Knäblein Sündelos
Frei spielt auf der Jungfrau Schoss!
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,
Ach, grünet schon des Kreuzes
Stamm!

In the green landscape of
blossoming summer,
beside cool water, reeds, and
canes,

behold, how the sinless child
plays freely on the virgin's knee.
And there, in the woods, blissfully,
alas, growing already is the stem
that will become the cross.

Schlafendes Jesuskind

Sleeping Christ child

Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind!
am Boden

Auf dem Holz der Schmerzen
eingeschlafen,

Das der fromme Meister, sinnvoll
spielend,

Deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;
Blume du, noch in der Knospe

dämmernd
Eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!

O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder
Hinter dieser Stirne, diesen schwarzen
Wimpern sich in sanftem Wechsel
malen!

Son of the Virgin, Child of Heaven,
lying on the floor
asleep on the wood of
suffering,

that the pious painter has placed
a meaningful illusion —
under your light dreams;
you flower, even in bud, darkling
and sheathed,
still the glory of the Father!

Oh, who could see behind this
brow, these dark lashes, what
softly changing pictures are
being painted!

Peregrina I

Stephen Erickson *tenor*

Der Spiegel dieser treuen,
braunen Augen
Ist wie von innerm Gold ein
Wiederschein;
Tief aus dem Busen scheint er's
anzusaugen,
Dort mag solch Gold in heil'gem
Gram gedeihn.

The mirror of these faithful,
brown eyes
is like a reflection of inner
gold;
from deep within the bosom
it seems to be drawn;
there may such gold thrive
in sacred grief.

In diese Nacht des Blickes mich
zu tauchen,
Unwissend Kind, du selber lädst
mich ein —
Willst, ich soll kecklich mich und
dich entzünden,
Reichst lächelnd mir den Tod im
Kelch der Sünden!

To plunge myself into the
darkness of this gaze,
naive child, you yourself
beckon me —
you will me to boldly ignite
us both,
with a smile, offering me
Death in a goblet of sin!

Der Feuerreiter

The fire-rider

Sehet ihr am Fensterlein
Dort die rote Mütze wieder?
Nicht geheuer muß es sein,
Denn er geht schon auf und nieder.
Und auf einmal welch Gewühle
Bei der Brücke nach dem
Feld!

Horch! das Feuerglöcklein gellt:
Hinterm Berg,
Hinterm Berg
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Schaut, da sprengt er wütend
schiefer
Durch das Tor, der Feuerreiter,
Auf dem rippendürren Tier,
Als auf einer Feuerleiter!
Querfeldein, durch Qualm
und Schwüle,
Rennt er schon und ist
am Ort!

Do you see at the window
there again, his red cap?
Something must be the matter
for he paces to and fro.
And what a sudden mob
is now by the bridge near the
field!

Hark! the fire-bell is shrilling:
beyond the hill,
beyond the hill,
there's a fire in the mill!

Look, there he goes, galloping
furiously
through the gate - it's the fire-rider
on his horse, a bony nag
like a fire-ladder!
Across the fields, through the
smoke and heat
he plunges, and he's already
reached his goal!

Drüben schallt es fort und fort:
 Hinterm Berg,
 Hinterm Berg,
 Brennt es in der Mühle!

Der so oft den roten Hahn
 Meilenweit von fern gerochen,
 Mit des heil'gen Kreuzes
 Span
 Freventlich die Glut besprochen —
 Weh! dir grinst vom Dachgestühle
 Dort der Feind im Höllenschein.
 Gnade Gott der
 Seele dein!
 Hinterm Berg,
 Hinterm Berg,
 Rast er in der Mühle!

Keine Stunde hielt es an,
 Bis die Mühle barst in
 Trümmer;
 Doch den kecken Reitersmann
 Sah man von der Stunde
 nimmer.
 Volk und Wagen im Gewühle
 Kehren heim von all
 dem Graus;
 Auch das Glöcklein klinget aus:
 Hinterm Berg,
 Hinterm Berg,
 Brennt's!

Nach der Zeit ein Müller fand
 Ein Gerippe samt der Mützen
 Aufrecht an der
 Kellerwand
 Auf der beinern Mähre sitzen:
 Feuerreiter, wie so kühle
 Reitest du in deinem Grab!
 Hush! da fällt's in Asche ab.
 Ruhe wohl,
 Ruhe wohl
 Drunten in der Mühle!

On and on the bell peals:
 beyond the hill,
 beyond the hill,
 there's a fire in the mill!

You who so often smelled fire
 from a mile off,
 and with a fragment of the holy
 cross
 blasphemously subdued the blaze —
 woe! from the rafters there grins
 the Devil in hellish light.
 May God have mercy on
 your soul!
 Beyond the hill,
 beyond the hill,
 he is raging in the mill!

Not an hour had passed
 before the mill was reduced
 to rubble;
 but the bold rider
 from that hour was never
 seen again.
 People and wagons in crowds
 turn toward home away from
 all the horror;
 and the bell stops ringing:
 beyond the hill,
 beyond the hill,
 it's burning!

Later a miller found
 a skeleton complete with cap
 upright against the wall of
 the cellar
 sitting on the bony mare:
 Fire-rider, how coolly
 you ride now to your grave!
 Hush! there it falls to ashes.
 Rest well,
 rest well,
 down there in the mill!

Zur Warnung

As a warning

Einmal nach einer lustigen Nacht
war ich am Morgen seltsam
aufgewacht:
Durst, Wasserscheu, ungleich
Geblüt;
Dabei gerührt und weichlich
im Gemüt,
Beinah poetisch, ja, ich bat die
Muse um ein Lied.
Sie, mit verstelltem Pathos,
spottet' mein,
Gab mir den schnöden
Bafel ein:

“Es schlägt eine Nachtigall
Am Wasserfall;
Und ein Vogel ebenfalls,
Der schreibt sich Wendehals,
Johann Jakob Wendehals;
Der tut tanzen
Bei den Pflanzen
Ob bemeldten Wasserfalls.”

So ging es fort;
Mir wurde immer bänger.
Jetzt sprang ich auf: zum Wein!
Der war denn auch mein Retter.
Merkt's euch, ihr tränenreichen
Sänger,
Im Katzenjammer ruft man keine
Götter!

Wayne Gwillim *baritone*

Once after a merry night
I woke next morning feeling
strange:
thirst (but not for water),
pounding blood,
feeling disturbed and
sentimental,
almost poetic, yes, I begged
my Muse for a song.
Pretending pathos, she
mocked me,
giving me this contemptible
piece of trash:

“A nightingale is singing
by the waterfall;
and another bird as well,
who signs his name Wryneck,
Johann Jakob Wryneck;
who dances
by the plants
of the aforesaid waterfall.”

So it continued,
and I grew ever more anxious.
Now I sprang up: wine!
That would rescue me!
Mark you well, tearful
bards,
when you have a hangover,
call upon no gods!

Bei einer Trauung

At a wedding

Vor lauter hochadligen
Zeugen
Copuliert man ihrer Zwei;
Die Orgel hängt voll
Geigen,
Der Himmel nicht, mein' Treu!
Seht doch, sie weint ja greulich,
Er macht ein Gesicht abscheulich!
Denn leider freilich, freilich
Keine Lieb' ist nicht dabei.

In front of honourable, noble
witnesses
the two of them are being wed;
the organ music is full of pleasant
anticipation,
but nothing else is, my dear!

Look how she cries so terribly,
and he makes such an awful face!
For, it is very sad to say, of course
there is no love here.

Selbstgeständnis

Personal confession

Ich bin meiner Mutter einzig Kind,
Und weil die andern ausblieben sind,
Was weiß ich wieviel, die Sechs
oder Sieben,
Ist eben Alles an mir hängen geblieben;
Ich hab' müssen die Liebe,
die Treue, die Güte
Für ein ganz halb Dutzend allein
aufessen,
Ich will's mein Lebtag nicht
vergessen.
Es hätte mir aber noch wohl mögen
frommen,
Hätt' ich nur auch Schläg' für
Sechse bekommen.

I am the only child of my mother,
and because the others failed to
appear — how do I know how
many, say six or seven —
everything had to centre on me.

I had to eat up, all on my own,
enough love, loyalty and
kindness for a whole
half-dozen.
I shall never forget it as
long as I live.
But I dare say it would also have
done me good
if I'd been whacked for six
as well.

An die Geliebte

Peter McGillivray

To the beloved

Wenn ich, von deinem Anschauen
tief gestillt,
Mich stumm an deinem heiligen
Wert vergnüge,
Dann hör ich recht die leisen
Atemzüge
Des Engels, welcher sich in dir
verhüllt.

Und ein erstaunt, ein fragend
Lächeln quillt
Auf meinem Mund, ob mich kein
Traum betrüge,
Daß nun in dir, zu ewiger
Genüge,
Mein kühnster Wunsch, mein
einziger, sich erfüllt?

Von Tiefe dann zu Tiefen stürzt
mein Sinn,
Ich höre aus der Gottheit nächtger
Ferne
Die Quellen des Geschicks
melodisch rauschen.

Betäubt kehr ich den Blick nach
oben hin,
Zum Himmel auf — da lächeln
alle Sterne;
Ich kniee, ihrem Lichtgesang
zu lauschen.

When, from the deep calm I
feel at seeing your image,
I mutely take delight in your
high worth,
then I truly hear the
gentle breathing
of the angel that is disguised
within you.

And an astounded, questioning
smile springs
to my lips, as I wonder: isn't it a
deceiving dream,
that now, in you, to my eternal
pleasure,
my boldest wish, my only
wish, is fulfilled?

From depths then to depths
my senses fall;
I hear in the nocturnal distance
of divinity
the melodious roaring of
the stream of fate.

Dazed, I turn my eyes then
upwards,
toward the heavens, and there
all the stars are smiling;
I kneel to listen to their song
of light.

Abschied

Farewell

Unangeklopft ein Herr tritt abends
bei mir ein:
"Ich habe die Ehr', Ihr Rezensent
zu sein!"
Sofort nimmt er das Licht in
die Hand,
Besieht lang meinen Schatten an
der Wand,
Rückt nah und fern: "Nun, lieber
junger Mann,
Sehn Sie doch gefälligst mal Ihre
Nas' so von der Seite an!
Sie geben zu, daß das ein
Auswuchs is'."
Das? Alle Wetter - gewiß!
Ei Hasen! ich dachte nicht, all'
mein Lebtage nicht,
Daß ich so eine Weltsnase führt'
im Gesicht!
Der Mann sprach noch Verschied'nes
hin und her,
Ich weiß, auf meine Ehre, nicht
mehr;
Meinte vielleicht, ich sollt' ihm
beichten.
Zuletzt stand er auf; ich tat ihm
leuchten.
Wie wir nun an der Treppe sind,
Da geb' ich ihm, ganz frohgesinnt,
Einen kleinen Tritt,
Nur so von hinten aufs Gesäße mit ...
Alle Hagel! ward das ein Gerumpel,
Ein Gepurzel, ein Gehumpel!
Dergleichen hab' ich nie gesehen,
All' mein Lebtage nicht gesehen
Einen Menschen so rasch die Trepp'
hinabgehn!

One evening, without knocking,
in comes a gentleman:
"I have the honour", he says,
"to be your critic".
At once he takes the light
in his hand,
looks long at my shadow
on the wall,
stepping close, and standing
back: "Now, young man,
kindly see how your nose
looks from the side!
That, you will admit, is a
nose and a half."
Is it? Good heavens — to be sure!
Bless my soul! I never, never in
all my life,
imagined my face had
such a world-sized nose!
Various other things the man said
about this and that;
what, I truly no longer
remember; perhaps he thought I
should have a confession
to make.
He rose at last. I held the
light for him.
At the top of the stairs,
I gave him, in all good humour,
a small kick
from behind on his backside ...
And by thunder! The rumbling,
the tumbling, the stumbling!
I never saw the like before,
never in all my life have I seen
a man go down stairs
so fast!

INTERMISSION

Coffee is available in the main floor lobby

**Gedichte von
Joseph v. Eichendorff
für eine Singstimme und Klavier
componiert von
Hugo Wolf**

**Poems by
Joseph von Eichendorff
for voice and piano
set to music by
Hugo Wolf**

Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (1788-1857) was born into an aristocratic family in Silesia and spent an idyllic childhood among the forests and mountains of that area of eastern Germany. His best-known poetry is imbued with a rustic lyricism — his name would translate into English as 'Joseph, Baron of Oakenthorpe'. But, until his early retirement in 1844, he spent 28 years as an efficient bureaucrat in the Prussian civil service, and in general had a much wider experience of the world than Mörike. His complete works include, as well as over 500 poems, several novels and novellas (in which his poems are often presented in a dramatic context).

When Wolf composed thirteen settings of Eichendorff's poetry in August and September 1888, it seems almost to have been as a relaxation between the more massive Mörike and Eichendorff songbooks. The songs were added to an already existing seven to make a book of twenty, published in Vienna by C. Lacom in September 1889. Wolf deliberately concentrated on the more swashbuckling character-pieces of Eichendorff, in contrast to the dreamy or melancholy nature poems favoured by Schumann in his *Liederkreis*, Op.39.

Der Freund

Trevor Bowes *baritone*

The friend

Wer auf den Wogen schliefe,
Ein sanft gewiegtes Kind,
Kennt nicht des Lebens Tiefe,
Vor süßem Träumen blind.

Doch wen die Stürme fassen
Zu wildem Tanz und Fest,
Wen hoch auf dunklen Straßen
Die falsche Welt verläßt:

Der lernt sich wacker rühren,
Durch Nacht und Klippen
hin —

Lernt der das Steuer führen
Mit sichrem, ernstem Sinn.

Der ist von echtem Kerne,
Erprobt zu Lust und Pein,
Der glaubt an Gott und Sterne,
Der soll mein Schiffmann sein!

He who can sleep upon the waves
is a gently lulled infant,
who knows nothing of life's depths
and is blind from sweet dreams.

But he whom the storms grab
for their wild dance and festival,
whom, high upon the dark seaways
the false world abandons:

he learns to move bravely
through the night and navigate
the cliffs —

he learns to steer the helm
with a confident and serious mind.

He is of true worth,
tried by joy and pain;
he believes in God and the stars —
this man shall be my helmsman!

Der Musikant

Peter McGillivray

The Musician

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben,
Lebe eben, wie ich kann,
Wollt ich mir auch Mühe
geben,
Paßt es mir doch gar nicht an.

Schöne alte Lieder weiß ich;
In der Kälte, ohne Schuh,
Draußen in die Saiten reiß ich,
Weiß nicht, wo ich
abends ruh!

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,
Meinet, ich gefiel ihr sehr,
Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,
So ein armer Lump nicht wär.

Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann
bescheren,
Wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn!
Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,
Möcht mein Singen mir vergehn.

I love the wandering life:
I live how I can.
If I were to trouble myself about
anything,
it would not suit me at all.

I know lovely old songs;
in the cold, without shoes,
I pluck my strings out there
and do not know where I'll sleep
in the evening!

Many a lovely girl makes eyes at me,
as if to say she would like me well
if I only made something of myself
and were not such a poor beggar.

May God provide you with
a husband,
and a house and home!
If we two were together,
my singing might die away.

Das Ständchen

The serenade

Auf die Dächer zwischen blassen
Wolken schaut der Mond herfür,
Ein Student dort auf der Gassen
Singt vor seiner Liebsten Tür.

Und die Brunnen rauschen wieder
Durch die stille Einsamkeit,
Und der Wald vom Berge
nieder,
Wie in alter, schöner Zeit.

So in meinen jungen Tagen
Hab ich manche Sommernacht
Auch die Laute hier geschlagen
Und manch lust'ges Lied erdacht.

Aber von der stillen Schwelle
Trugen sie mein Lieb
zur Ruh,
Und du, fröhlicher Geselle,
Singe, sing nur immer zu!

Over the roofs between pale
clouds, the moon gazes across;
a student there in the street
is singing at his beloved's door.

And the fountains murmur again
through the still loneliness,
as do the woods, from the
mountain down,
just as in the good old times.

So in my young days,
would I often on summer nights
also play my lute here
and invent many merry songs.

But from her silent threshold
they have carried my love away
to rest.
And you, happy fellow,
sing, sing ever on!

Der Soldat I

Trevor Bowes

The soldier

Ist auch schmuck nicht mein
Rösslein,
So ist's doch recht klug,
Trägt im Finstern zu 'nem
Schlößlein
Mich rasch noch genug.

Ist das Schloß auch nicht
prächtig,
Zum Garten aus der Tür
Tritt ein Mädchen doch allnächtig
Dort freundlich herfür.

Und ist auch die Kleine
Nicht die Schönst' auf der Welt,
So giebt's doch just Keine,
Die mir beßer gefällt.

Und spricht sie vom Freien,
So schwing' ich mich auf mein Roß —
Ich bleibe im Freien,
Und sie auf dem Schloß.

Although my horse may not
look so handsome,
he is actually quite clever,
and will carry me through the
dark to a certain little castle
quickly enough.

Although the castle is not
very splendid,
out of her door and into the garden
steps a maiden who, all night,
will be friendly to me.

And although this small girl
is not the fairest in the world,
there is still no other
that I like better.

But if she speaks of marriage,
I'll leap onto my horse —
I'll stay free
and she'll stay at the castle.

Die Kleine

Allison Bent *soprano*

The little girl

Zwischen Bergen, liebe Mutter,
Weit den Wald entlang,
Reiten da drei junge Jäger
Auf drei Rösslein blank,
lieb Mutter,
Auf drei Rösslein blank.

Ihr könnt fröhlich sein, lieb Mutter,
Wird es draussen still:
Kommt der Vater heim vom Walde,
Küsst Euch, wie er will,
lieb Mutter,
Küsst Euch, wie er will.

Along the alpine valley, mother,
by the woodland ways,
three young hunters come riding by
on three young gleaming steeds,
mother,
on three young gleaming steeds.

You, dear mother, can be happy,
when outside all falls quiet:
when father returns from the forest,
he'll kiss you to his heart's content,
mother,
he'll kiss you to his heart's content.

Und ich werfe mich in Bettchen
 Nachts ohn Unterlass,
 Kehr mich links und kehr
 mich rechts hin,
 Nirgends hab ich was,
 lieb Mutter,
 Nirgends hab ich was.

Bin ich eine Frau erst einmal,
 In der Nacht dann still
 Wend ich mich nach allen Seiten,
 Küss, soviel ich will,
 lieb Mutter,
 Küss, soviel ich will.

And I toss and turn in my bed
 all night long without respite,
 roll to the left and roll to
 the right,
 finding nothing anywhere,
 mother,
 finding nothing anywhere.

When I once become a woman,
 in the night I'll quietly turn
 whichever way I wish
 kiss to my heart's content,
 mother,
 kiss to my heart's content.

Die Zigeunerin

The Gypsy woman

Am Kreuzweg da lausche ich,
 wenn die Stern'
 Und die Feuer im Walde
 verglommen,
 Und wo der erste Hund bellt
 von fern,
 Da wird mein Bräut'gam
 herkommen.
 La, la, la, la.

"Und als der Tag graut', durch
 das Gehölz
 Sah ich eine Katze sich schlingen,
 Ich schoß ihr auf den
 nußbraunen Pelz,
 Wie tat die weit überspringen!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Schad' nur ums Pelzlein, du kriegst
 mich nit!
 Mein Schatz muß sein wie die
 andern:
 Braun und ein Stutzbart auf
 ung'rischen Schnitt
 Und ein fröhliches Herze zum
 Wandern.
 La, la, la, la.

At the crossroads, there I listen, when
 the stars
 and the fires in the forests have
 died down,
 and where the first hound barks
 from afar,
 from there will my intended
 come.
 La, la, la, la.

"And when day broke, through
 the copse,
 I saw a cat creeping;
 I shot at her nut-brown
 pelt
 and how far she leapt!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

A shame about the pelt, but you
 won't catch me!
 My darling must be like the
 others:
 brown and bearded with a
 Hungarian trim
 and a merry heart for
 wandering.
 La, la, la, la.

Nachtzauber

Jesse Clark *baritone*

Night magic

Hörst du nicht die Quellen gehen
Zwischen Stein und Blumen weit
Nach den stillen Waldeseen,
Wo die Marmorbilder stehen
In der schönen Einsamkeit?

Von den Bergen sacht hernieder,
Weckend die uralten Lieder,
Steigt die wunderbare Nacht,
Und die Gründe glänzen wieder,
Wie du's oft im Traum gedacht.

Kennst die Blume du,
entsprossen
In dem mondbeglänzten Grund?
Aus der Knospe, halb erschlossen,
Junge Glieder blühend sprossen,
Weiße Arme, roter Mund,

Und die Nachtigallen schlagen
Und rings hebt es an zu klagen,
Ach, vor Liebe todeswund,
Von versunk'nen schönen Tagen —
Komm, o komm zum stillen Grund!

Do you not hear the spring running
between the stones and flowers far
toward the quiet wood lakes,
where the marble statues stand
in fine solitude?

From the mountains, gently
awakening ancient songs,
the wondrous night descends
and the valleys gleam again
as you often see in a dream.

Do you know the flower
that blooms
in the moonlit valley?
From its bud, half-open,
young limbs bloom with
white arms and red mouth,

and the nightingales sing,
and all around, a lament is raised,
alas, wounded fatally by love,
for fair days now gone forever —
come, oh come to the silent land!

Der Glücksritter

The soldier of fortune

Wenn Fortuna spröde tut,
Laß' ich sie in Ruh',
Singe recht und trinke gut,
Und Fortuna kriegt auch Mut,
Setzt sich mit dazu.

Doch ich geb' mir keine Müh:
"He, noch eine her!"
Kehr' den Rücken gegen sie,
Laß' hoch leben die und die
Das verdrießt sie sehr.

Und bald rückt sie sacht zu
mir:
"Hast du deren mehr?"
"Wie Sie seh'n, drei Kannen schier,
Und das lauter Klebebier!
'S wird mir gar nicht schwer."

If Fortune grows demure,
I leave her in peace,
and sing loudly and drink deeply;
and Fortune gains courage again
and sits beside me.

But I pay no attention to her:
"Hey! another drink here!"
I call and turn my back to her.
I toast this girl and that —
this vexes her very much.

And soon she moves gently up to
me:
"Have you any more?"
"As you see, almost three tankards
and foaming thick beer!
it won't be too much for me."

Drauf sie zu mir lächelt fein:
 "Bist ein ganzer Kerl!"
 Ruft den Kellner, schreit
 nach Wein,
 Trinkt mir zu und schenkt mir ein,
 Echte Blum' und Perl'.

Sie bezahlet Wein und Bier,
 Und ich, wieder gut,
 Führe sie am Arm mit mir
 Aus dem Haus wie'n Kavalier,
 Alles zieht den Hut.

Then she smiles at me:
 "You are quite a chap!"
 She calls the barkeeper,
 orders wine,
 drinks to me and pours my glass,
 real bouquet and sparkle.

She pays for the wine and beer,
 and I, feeling great,
 lead her upon my arm
 from the house, like a cavalier,
 and everyone doffs his hat.

Heimweh

Peter McGillivray

Homesickness

Wer in die Fremde will wandern,
 Der muß mit der Liebsten gehn,
 Es jubeln und lassen die andern
 Den Fremden alleine stehn.

Was wisset ihr, dunkle Wipfel,
 Von der alten, schönen Zeit?
 Ach, die Heimat hinter den
 Gipfeln,

Wie liegt sie von hier so weit!

Am liebsten betracht' ich die Sterne,
 Die schienen, wie ich ging zu ihr,
 Die Nachtigall hör' ich so
 gerne,
 Sie sang vor der Liebsten
 Tür.

Der Morgen, das ist meine Freude!
 Da steig' ich in stiller Stund'
 Auf den höchsten Berg in die Weite,
 Grüß dich, Deutschland, aus
 Herzensgrund!

He who wishes to wander
 must go with his beloved,
 others, in their joy, leave
 the stranger standing alone.

What do you know, dark treetops,
 of the good old days?
 Ah, my homeland beyond
 the mountains,
 how far it lies from here!

I loved the most to look at the stars
 that shone as I went to her;
 I listened happily to the
 nightingale
 as she sang before my beloved's
 door.

But morning - that is my joy!
 I climb in that peaceful hour
 up to the highest mountain
 and greet you, German Homeland,
 from the depths of my heart!

Der Scholar

Jesse Clark

The scholar

Bei dem angenehmsten Wetter
Singen alle Vögelein,
Klatscht der Regen auf die
Blätter,
Sing ich so für mich allein.

Denn mein Aug' kann nichts
entdecken,
Wenn der Blitz auch grausam glüht,
Was im Wandern könnt' erschrecken
Ein zufriedenes Gemüt.

Frei vom Mammon will ich schreiten
Auf dem Feld der Wissenschaft,
Sinne ernst und nehm'
zu Zeiten
Einen Mund voll Rebensaft.

Bin ich müde vom Studieren,
Wann der Mond tritt sanft herfür,
Pfleg' ich dann zu musizieren
Vor der Allerschönsten Tür.

In the most pleasant weather
all the little birds sing,
but when the rain is slapping
the leaves,
I sing alone and for myself.

For my eyes can discover
nothing,
when lightning flashes so cruelly,
that could appal in its travel
a truly contented mind.

Free from Mammon will I walk
on the fields of knowledge,
thinking seriously and taking,
from time to time,
a mouthful of grapejuice.

When I grow weary of study,
when the moon steps softly out,
I'll go to make music
in front of my beloved's door.

Seemans Abschied

Trevor Bowes

Sailor's farewell

Ade, mein Schatz, du mocht'st
mich nicht,
Ich war dir zu geringe.
Einst wandelst du bei
Mondenlicht
Und hörst ein süßes Klingen:
Ein Meerweib singt, die Nacht
ist lau,
Die stillen Wolken wandern,
Da denk' an mich, 's ist meine Frau,
Nun such' dir einen Andern!

Ade, ihr Landsknecht', Musketier'!
Wir zieh'n auf wildem Roße,
Das bäumt und überschlägt
sich schier
Vor manchem Felsenschloße.

Adieu, my love, you did not
care for me,
I was too low for you.
One day you will wander
by moonlight
and hear sweet sounds:
a mermaid is singing, the night
is mild,
the quiet clouds are drifting;
then think of me, she is my wife,
so find yourself someone else!

Adieu, soldiers and musketeers!
we ride a wild horse
that rears up and almost flips
over
before many a rocky castle.

Der Wassermann bei Blitzesschein
 Taucht auf in dunklen Nächten,
 Der Haifisch schnappt, die Möven
 schrei'n
 Das ist ein lustig Fechten!

Streckt nur auf eurer Bärenhaut
 Daheim die faulen Glieder,
 Gott Vater aus dem Fenster
 schaut,
 Schickt seine Sündflut wieder!
 Feldwebel, Reiter,
 Musketier,
 Sie müssen all' ersaufen,
 Derweil mit frischem Winde wir
 Im Paradies einlaufen.

The merman in the lightning flash
 surfaces in dark nights,
 the shark snaps and the seagulls
 cry:
 this is a merry struggle!

Stretch out your lazy legs
 on your bearskin at home,
 Father God gazes out of his
 window
 and sends his Deluge again!
 Fieldmarshals, cavalrymen
 and musketeers,
 all must drown,
 while with a fresh wind
 we will sail into paradise.

INTERMISSION

Coffee is available in the main floor lobby

**Gedichte von Goethe
 für eine Singstimme und Klavier
 komponiert von
 Hugo Wolf**

**Poems by Goethe
 for voice and piano
 set to music by
 Hugo Wolf**

Finally, we come to the work of the undisputed master of German literature, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), poet, dramatist, novelist, painter, critic, scientist, philosopher and statesman. A tremendous range of poetical genres was available to Wolf in over 700 surviving examples of Goethe's work, ranging from earthy raciness to sublime grandeur and including lyrics inserted in plays or novels, such as *Wilhelm Meister* with its songs of the Harper and of Mignon. Wolf composed fifty Goethe songs in the astonishingly short space of time between late October 1888 and mid-February 1889 — amazing because of the range of musical imagination and poetic response required. (One more song, *Die Bekehrte*, followed in October 1889.)

Again, the order of Wolf's songbook was planned with great care. As Frank Walker says, "Mörike is like a mellow country landscape, full of glowing meadows and streams and gentle hills. Goethe resembles more a lofty mountain range, where exquisite flowers are to be found, to be sure, and homely merriment in the villages on the lower slopes, but where the main prospect is one of grandeur and space, and where the solitary peaks reach upward to the stars." The Goethe songs were published by Lacom, early in 1890.

Harfenspieler I

Jesse Clark

The harper

Wer sich der Einsamkeit
ergibt,
Ach! der ist bald allein;
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt
Und läßt ihn seiner
Pein.

Ja! Laßt mich meiner Qual!
Und kann ich nur einmal
Recht einsam sein,
Dann bin ich nicht allein.

Es schleicht ein Liebender
lauschend sacht,
Ob seine Freundin allein?
So überschleicht bei Tag und Nacht
Mich Einsamen die Pein,
Mich Einsamen die
Qual.

Ach, werd ich erst einmal
Einsam im Grabe sein,
Da läßt sie mich allein!

He who gives himself over to
solitude,
ah! he is soon alone;
everyone lives, everyone loves,
and everyone leaves him to
his pain.

Yes! Leave me to my torment!
And can I only once
be truly lonely,
then I will not be alone.

A lover creeps up and
listens softly,
is his beloved alone?
So, both day and night, does
the pain creep up on my solitude,
and the torment creep up on
my loneliness.

Ah! only once, when
I am alone in my grave,
will it then truly leave me alone!

Mignon I

Catherine Robbin

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich
schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht,
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre
zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der
Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muß
sich erhellern,
Der harte Fels schließt seinen
Busen auf,
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht die
tiefverborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des
Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen
sich ergießen;

Don't ask me to speak; ask me to
be silent.

For my secret is my duty.
I want to reveal my true self to
you,
but fate will not allow it.

At the right time, the
sun's course drives away
the gloomy night, and it
must brighten.
The hard rock opens up
its bosom;
the earth lets forth its deep
hidden springs.

A man seeks rest in the arms
of a friend,
there can the heart pour out
in lament.

Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die
Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie
aufzuschließen.

But a vow seals my
lips,
and only a God has the power
to open them.

Mignon II

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.

Only one who knows longing
knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
from all joy,
I look into the firmament
in that direction.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

Ah, he who loves and knows me
is far away.
I am reeling,
my vitals are burning.
Only one who knows longing
knows what I suffer!

Mignon III

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weiße Kleid
nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen
Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

So let me seem, until I become so;
don't take the white dress
away from me!
I am hastening from the beautiful
earth
down to that hard house.

Dort ruhi ich eine kleine
Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich laße dann die reine
Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

There I can rest a little while in
tranquillity,
then a fresh vision will open up;
I will leave behind the pure
covering,
the girdle and the wreath.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann,
und Weib
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

And those heavenly beings
don't concern themselves
with man and woman,
and no clothes, no robes
cover the transfigured body.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg'
und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu
frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

True, I have lived without trouble
and toil,
yet I have felt enough deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too
early;
make me forever young again!

Philine

Allison Bent

Singet nicht in Trauertönen
 Von der Einsamkeit der Nacht.
 Nein, sie ist, o holde Schönen,
 Zur Geselligkeit gemacht.

Wie das Weib dem Mann gegeben
 Als die schönste Hälfte war,
 Ist die Nacht das halbe Leben
 Und die schönste Hälfte zwar.

Könnt ihr euch des Tages freuen,
 Der nur Freuden unterbricht?
 Er ist gut sich zu zerstreuen;
 Zu was anderm taugt er nicht.

Aber wenn in nächt'ger Stunde
 Süßer Lampe Dämmerung fließt,
 Und vom Mund zum
 nahen Munde
 Scherz und Liebe sich ergießt;

Wenn der rasche, lose Knabe,
 Der sonst wild und feurig eilt,
 Oft bei einer kleinen Gabe
 Unter leichten Spielen weilt;

Wenn die Nachtigall
 Verliebten
 Liebevoll ein Liedchen singt,
 Das Gefangnen und
 Betrübten
 Nur wie Ach und Wehe klingt;

Mit wie leichtem Herzensregen
 Horchet ihr der Glocke nicht,
 Die mit zwölf bedächtgen Schlägen
 Ruh und Sicherheit verspricht.

Darum an dem langen Tage,
 Merke dir es, liebe Brust;
 Jeder Tag hat seine Plage,
 Und die Nacht hat ihre Lust.

Do not sing in mournful tones
 of the loneliness of night.
 No; it was, fair ones,
 made for companionship.

As woman was given to man
 to be his better half,
 so is night half of life,
 and certainly the better half.

Can you delight in the day,
 which only interrupts joy?
 It is good for distraction,
 but of use for nothing else.

But when, in that nocturnal hour,
 the sweet lamps' twilight flows,
 and from mouth to neighboring
 mouth
 pour jests and love;

when that quick, scampish boy
 who usually hurries, wild and fiery,
 will for some small gift
 tarry awhile in play;

when the nightingale sings
 to sweethearts
 a little song full of love,
 which to the imprisoned and
 troubled
 sounds only like sighs and moans;

with such a lightly stirring heart
 do you not listen to the bell,
 that, with twelve measured strokes
 promises repose and safety?

Thus, in the long day,
 remember this, dear heart:
 every day has its troubles,
 and the night has its pleasures.

Mignon

Kennst du das Land, wo
 die Zitronen blühn,
 Im dunklen Laub die Gold-
 Orangen glühn,
 Ein sanfter Wind vom
 blauen Himmel weht,
 Die Myrte still und hoch
 der Lorbeer steht,
 Kennst du es wohl?
 Dahin! dahin
 Möcht ich mit dir, o mein
 Geliebter, ziehn.

 Kennst du das Haus? Auf
 Säulen ruht sein Dach.
 Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert
 das Gemach,
 Und Marmorbilder stehn und
 sehn mich an:
 Was hat man dir, du armes
 Kind, getan?
 Kennst du es wohl?
 Dahin! dahin
 Möcht ich mit dir, o
 mein Beschützer, ziehn.

 Kennst du den Berg und
 seinen Wolkensteg?
 Das Maultier sucht im Nebel
 seinen Weg;
 In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen
 alte Brut;
 Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn
 die Flut.
 Kennst du ihn wohl?
 Dahin! dahin
 Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß
 uns ziehn!

Catherine Robbin

Do you know the land where the
 lemons blossom,
 and golden oranges glow amidst
 the dark foliage?
 A gentle breeze drifts from the
 azure sky;
 the myrtle stands silent,
 the bay tree tall:
 do you know it?
 There, oh there
 I long to go, with you,
 my beloved!

 Do you know the house? On
 pillars its roof rests;
 the hall gleams brightly, the chamber
 shimmers,
 and marble statues stand and gaze
 at me:
 what have they done to you,
 you poor child?
 Do you know it?
 There, oh there
 I long to go, with you,
 my protector!

 Do you know the mountain with
 its cloudy path?
 The mule seeks passage through
 the mists;
 the ancient brood of the
 dragon dwells in its caves;
 the rock falls sheer and the torrent
 over it.
 Do you know it?
 There, oh there
 lies our way. O father,
 let us go!

Der Rattenfänger

Peter McGillivray

The rat-catcher

Ich bin der wohlbekannte Sänger,
Der vielgereiste Rattenfänger,
Den diese altberühmte Stadt
Gewiß besonders nötig hat.
Und wären's Ratten noch
so viele,
Und wären Wiesel mit
im Spiele,
Von allen säubr' ich
diesen Ort,
Sie müssen miteinander fort.

Dann ist der gut gelaunte
Sänger
Mitunter auch ein Kinderfänger,
Der selbst die wildesten bezwingt,
Wenn er die goldnen Märchen singt.
Und wären Knaben noch so trutzig,
Und wären Mädchen noch so stutzig,
In meine Saiten greif ich ein,
Sie müssen alle
hinterdrein.

Dann ist der vielgewandte Sänger
Gelegentlich ein Mädchenfänger;
In keinem Städtchen langt er an,
Wo er's nicht mancher angetan.
Und wären Mädchen noch so blöde,
Und wären Weiber noch so spröde,
Doch allen wird so
liebebang
Bei Zaubersaiten und Gesang.

Ich bin der wohlbekannte Sänger,
Der vielgereiste Rattenfänger,
Den diese altberühmte Stadt
Gewiß besonders nötig hat.
Und wären's Ratten noch
so viele,
Und wären Wiesel mit
im Spiele,
Von allen säubr' ich
diesen Ort,
Sie müssen miteinander fort.

I am the well-known singer,
the widely-travelled rat-catcher,
of whom this old, famous city
certainly has an especial need.
And even if the rats are
very numerous,
and even if there are weasels in
the picture,
of each and every one I'll clear
this place;
they must all go away.

Then also, this well-disposed
singer
is from time to time a child-catcher,
who can capture even the wildest
when he sings golden fairy tales.
And even if the boys are defiant,
and even if the girls are startled,
I pluck my strings
and each and every one must
follow.

Then also, this many-skilled singer
occasionally is a maiden-catcher;
in no town does he stay
where he does not bewitch many.
And even if the maidens are shy,
and even if the women are prim,
each and every one becomes
lovestruck
from his magical strings and songs.

I am the well-known singer,
the widely-travelled rat-catcher,
of whom this old, famous city
certainly has an especial need.
And even if the rats are
very numerous,
and even if there are weasels in
the picture,
of each and every one I'll clear
this place;
they must all go away.

Epiphanias

Susan Black *mezzo*, Allison Bent, Katherine White *soprano*

Epiphany

Die heiligen drei König mit
ihrem Stern,
Sie essen, sie trinken, und
bezahlen nicht gern;
Sie essen gern, sie trinken gern,
Sie essen, trinken und
bezahlen nicht gern.

Die heiligen drei König sind
kommen allhier,
Es sind ihrer drei und sind
nicht ihrer vier:
Und wenn zu dreien der vierte
wär,
So wär ein heilger Drei König
mehr.

Ich erster bin der weiß und auch
der schön,
Bei Tage solltet ihr erst mich sehn!
Doch ach, mit allen Spezerein
Werd ich sein Tag kein Mädchen
mir erfrein.

Ich aber bin der braun und bin
der lang,
Bekannt bei Weibern wohl und
bei Gesang.
Ich bringe Gold statt Spezerein,
Da werd ich überall
willkommen sein.

Ich endlich bin der schwarz und
bin der klein,
Und mag auch wohl einmal
recht lustig sein.
Ich esse gern, ich trinke gern,
Ich esse, trinke und bedanke
mich gern.

The Three Holy Kings with
their star,
they eat, they drink, and do not
like to pay;
they like to eat, they like to drink,
they eat, drink and do not
like to pay.

The Three Holy Kings are
come,
there are three of them,
not four:
and if to the three one added
a fourth,
there'd be one Three Holy King
more.

I am the first, white and also
handsome,
you should only see me by day!
But, ah, despite all my spices,
I shall never win a
maiden.

I, however, am the brown
one and I am tall,
known well to women and
song.
I bring gold instead of spices,
so I shall be entirely welcome
everywhere.

At last there's me, black and
small,
and I'd like to have a good time
as well.
I like to eat, I like to drink,
I like to eat, drink and say
thank you.

song continues — please turn page quietly

Die heiligen drei König sind
wohlgesinnt,
Sie suchen die Mutter und das
Kind;
Der Joseph fromm sitzt auch dabei,
Der Ochs und Esel liegen auf
der Streu.

Wir bringen Myrrhen, wir
bringen Gold,
Dem Weihrauch sind die
Damen hold;
Und haben wir Wein von
gutem Gewächs,
So trinken wir drei so gut als
ihrer sechs.

Da wir nun hier schöne Herrn
und Frau,
Aber keine Ochsen und Esel schaun,
So sind wir nicht am rechten Ort
Und ziehen unseres Wegen
weiter fort.

Die Spröde

The coy one

An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
Ging die Schäferin und
sang,
Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,
Daß es durch die Felder
klang,
So lala! lerallala!

Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen
Zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort,
Schalkhaft blickte sie ein
Weilchen;
Doch sie sang und lachte
fort:
So lala! lerallala!

Und ein Andrer bot ihr Bänder,
Und der Dritte bot sein Herz;
Doch sie trieb mit Herz und
Bändern
So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz,
Nur lala! lerallala!

The Three Holy Kings are
kindly,
they seek the Mother and the
Child;
pious Joseph sits there too;
the ox and the ass are lying in
the straw.

We bring myrrh, we bring
gold,
and the ladies will look kindly on
this frankincense;
and when we have wine of
good vintage,
we drink we three as well as
as any six can.

But here there are fine gentlemen
and ladies,
and no oxen or asses to be seen;
we are clearly not in the right place,
and so shall continue on our way.

Katherine Whyte

On the clearest of spring mornings
the shepherdess went walking
and singing,
young and fair and carefree,
so that it resounded through the
fields,
So lala! lerallala!

Thyrsis offered her, just for one kiss,
two lambkins, three, on the spot.
She looked at him roguishly for
a while,
but then went on singing and
laughing:
So lala! lerallala!

And another offered her ribbons,
and the third his heart;
but she jested with heart and
ribbons
as with the lambs:
Just lala! lerallala!

Die Bekehrte

The repentant one

Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
Ging ich still den Wald
entlang,

Damon saß und blies die Flöte,
Daß es von den Felsen klang,
So la la! rallala!

Und er zog mich zu sich nieder,
Küßte mich so hold, so süß.
Und ich sagte: Blase wieder!
Und der gute Junge blies,
So la la! rallala!

Meine Ruh ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich hör vor meinen Ohren
Immer nur den alten Ton,
So la la! rallala!

In the red glow of sunset
I walked silently through
the wood.

Damon sat and blew his flute
so that the rocks resounded:
So la la! rallala!

And he drew me down to him
and kissed me so gently, so sweetly,
and I said, "Blow again",
and the good-hearted lad blew:
So la la! rallala!

My peace of mind is now lost,
my joy has flown away,
and I hear in my ears
only the old tones of
So la la! rallala!

Phänomen

Susan Black

Phenomenon

Wenn zu der Regenwand
Phöbus sich gattet,
Gleich steht ein Bogenrand
Farbig beschattet.

Im Nebel gleichen Kreis
Seh ich gezogen;
Zwar ist der Bogen weiß,
Doch Himmelsbogen.

So sollst du, muntrer Greis,
Dich nicht betrüben:
Sind gleich die Haare weiß,
Doch wirst du lieben.

When Phoebus couples
with a wall of rain,
up springs a curved rim
shaded in colour.

I see the same arc
described in mist,
and though the bow be white,
yet it is a bow of heaven.

So, blithe old man,
do not lose heart;
though your hair too is now white,
yet you will love.

So lang man nüchtern ist

So lang man nüchtern ist, gefällt
das Schlechte;
Wie man getrunken hat, weiß
man das Rechte;
Nur ist das Übermaß auch
gleich zuhänden:
Hafis, o lehre mich, wie du's
verstanden.

Denn meine Meinung ist nicht
übertrieben:
Wenn man nicht trinken kann,
soll man nicht lieben;
Doch sollt ihr Trinker euch
nicht besser dünken:
Wenn man nicht lieben kann,
soll man nicht trinken.

Peter McGillivray

So long as one is sober, baseness
is acceptable;
when one has drunk, one knows
what is right.
But then excess is
imminent;
Hafiz, O teach me your
interpretation.

For my own opinion, in no way
exaggerated,
is that if one cannot drink one
should not love.
Yet you drinkers should not think
yourselves better off;
if one cannot love, then one should
not drink.

Grenzen der Menschheit

Limits of mankind

Wenn der uralte
Heilige Vater
Mit gelassener Hand
Aus rollenden Wolken
Segnende Blitze
Über die Erde sät,
Küß' ich den letzten
Saum seines Kleides,
Kindliche Schauer
Tief in der Brust.

Denn mit Göttern
Soll sich nicht messen
Irgend ein Mensch.
Hebt er sich aufwärts
Und berührt
Mit dem Scheitel die Sterne,
Nirgends haften dann
Die unsichern Sohlen,
Und mit ihm spielen
Wolken und Winde.

When the holy
eternal father
with serene hand
sows the benison of his lightnings
from rolling thunderclouds
over the earth,
I kiss the lowest
hem of his garment
with childlike awe
in my faithful heart.

For no man shall
measure himself
against gods.
If he arise
and touch the stars
with the crown of his head,
then his unsteady soles
find no foothold,
he becomes the plaything of
cloud and winds.

Steht er mit festen
Markigen Knochen
Auf der wohlgegründeten
Dauernden Erde,
Reicht er nicht auf,
Nur mit der Eiche
Oder der Rebe
Sich zu vergleichen.

Was unterscheidet
Götter von Menschen?
Daß viele Wellen
Vor jenen wandeln,
Ein ewiger Strom:
Uns hebt die Welle,
Verschlingt die Welle,
Und wir versinken.

Ein kleiner Ring
Begrenzt unser Leben,
Und viele Geschlechter
Reihen sich dauernd
An ihres Daseins
Unendliche Kette.

If he stand with firm,
marrowy bones,
on the steadfast
and enduring earth,
then his stature
cannot compare
even with the oak tree,
or the vine.

What distinguishes
gods from mankind?
Before the gods
many waves roll on,
an eternal stream;
us the waves first lift,
then the waves engulf
and drown us.

A little ring
encompasses our life,
and many generations
link in lasting succession
on the endless chain
of their existence.

Anakreons Grab

Catherine Robbin

Anacreon's grave

Wo die Rose hier blüht,
Wo Reben um Lorbeer sich schlingen,
Wo das Turtelchen
lockt,
Wo sich das Grillchen ergötzt,
Welch ein Grab ist hier,
Das alle Götter mit Leben
Schön bepflanzt und geziert?
Es ist Anakreons Ruh.
Frühling, Sommer, und Herbst
Genoß der glückliche Dichter;
Vor dem Winter hat
Ihn endlich der Hügel geschützt.

Here, where the rose blooms,
where vine and laurel entwine,
where the turtle-dove calls
its mate,
where the cicada sings for joy —
whose grave is this,
so beautifully planted and adorned
with life by all the gods?
It is Anacreon's resting place.
Spring, summer, and autumn
were enjoyed by the happy poet;
at last this mound has sheltered
him from the winter.

Ergebung (poem by Eichendorff)

Resignation

Wolf composed six choral settings of Eichendorff in 1881. *Ergebung* was sung behind the altar at the composer's funeral in the Votivkirche, Vienna, on 24 February, 1903.

Dein Wille, Herr, geschehe!
 Verdunkelt schweigt das Land.
 Im Zug der Wetter sehe
 Ich schauernd deine Hand.
 O mit uns Sündern gehe
 Erbarmend ins Gericht!
 Ich beug' im tiefsten Wehe
 Zum Staub mein Angesicht.
 Dein Wille, Herr, geschehe!

Thy will, O Lord, be done!
 Darkening, the land falls silent.
 In the gathering storm,
 trembling, I see your hand.
 Oh, be merciful to us sinners
 in judgement!
 I bow my face to the ground
 in deepest woe.
 Thy will, O Lord, be done!



THE ALDEBURGH CONNECTION CONCERT SOCIETY
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We invite you to hear more of the rich heritage of Wolf songs on Tuesday, March 25 at 8 pm when we perform his masterpiece, the *Italian Song Book*, in the Glenn Gould Studio. Two brilliant singers, **Monica Whicher** and **Russell Braun**, will be accompanied by **Bruce Ubukata** and **Stephen Ralls**. Tickets can be ordered from (416) 205-5555.

Our popular *Greta Kraus Schubertiad* returns to the Glenn Gould Studio on May 7 at 7:30 pm, with four exciting young singers, soprano **Shannon Mercer**, mezzo **Krisztina Szabó**, tenor **Colin Ainsworth** and baritone **Alexander Dobson**. The usual party with delicious Viennese refreshments will take place at intermission. For tickets, please call (416) 205-5555.

The remaining concerts in our popular Sunday Series, at 2:30 pm in Walter Hall, are *Upstairs, Downstairs* on March 16 and *Catherine Robbin and friends* on April 27. Both concerts are already sold out; please check with our box office at (416) 444-3976 nearer the dates for any possible returns.

Our new double-CD set, released this past summer, *The Aldeburgh Connection's Twentieth Anniversary Collection*, is available in the lobby during intermission at a price of \$30, GST included. More than forty of your favourite artists can be heard on more than sixty tracks — two and a half hours of enjoyment, excerpted from our performances over the years. You may also order this CD through our Box Office at (416) 444-3976.



Box office revenues cover only a portion of our operating budget; grants, corporate funding and individual donations are needed for the balance. Audience members are asked to consider joining one of our supporting categories: **Benefactor** (\$1,000 or more), **Champion** (\$500 or more), **Patron** (\$100 or more) and **Friend** (\$50 or more). Donations may be made by cheque or VISA, and may be made in instalments, if you prefer. You will receive information on our activities, and all donations will be acknowledged with a receipt for income tax purposes. Private donors may also act as sponsors for an entire concert, an artist, a special commission, or the intermission tea; however, other donations and suggestions for corporate sponsorship are also very welcome. Your support is vital in helping to ensure the continuation of these concerts.



Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Allison Bent has a degree in Music and Theatre from Dalhousie University, and an Artist Diploma from the University of Toronto. She has appeared as soloist for Symphony Nova Scotia, the Nova Scotia International Tattoo, and the Nova Scotia Youth Orchestra, has sung in recital in the St. Cecilia Series, the Acadia Concert Series, the Bicentennial Concert Series, and at Massey Hall as a guest soloist with the St. Michael's Choir School. Allison is currently in her first year of a Masters in Music in Opera Performance at the University of Toronto, where she performed the role of Morgana in Handel's *Alcina*, as well as Alice Ford in scenes from Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. She is in the studio of Jean MacPhail.

Susan Black holds a Bachelor of Music degree from the University of Victoria in 1998 and is currently completing a Master's degree in Vocal Performance at the University of Toronto with Dr. Darryl Edwards. Her operatic roles include Madame Popova in Walton's *The Bear*, Orfeo in Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*, Cherubino in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Mercedes in *Carmen*, Bellina in *Prima Donna* and The Wife in Richard Wargo's *The Music Shop*. She is also active in recital performance, and has recently been a soloist with the Aldeburgh Connection Young Artist Recital Series.

Trevor Eliot Bowes studied at the Victoria Conservatory of Music's opera studio, the Oberlin at Casalmaggiore programme in Italy and has recently returned from a year at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in Glasgow. He is currently a vocal performance major at the University of Toronto. In Glasgow he performed *Le Comte Des Grieux* in *Manon*, Silvano in *La Calisto* and Amantio in *Gianni Schicchi*, a role which he also performed at the Edinburgh Festival Theatre. He has sung in *Ariadne auf Naxos* and *Madama Butterfly* for Pacific Opera Victoria, *The Marriage of Figaro* for the Victoria Symphony Orchestra, Handel's *Messiah* in Charlottetown and Mozart's *Requiem* for Toronto's North 44 Vocal Ensemble. He performs contemporary works and operetta, and has appeared on YTV, CBC Radio Victoria and BBC Radio Scotland.

Jesse Clark is a graduate of Queen's University in English Literature, and of the University of Toronto's Opera Division, where he appeared as Starveling in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Le Fauteuil in Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*, The Vicar in Britten's *Albert Herring*, Popolani in Offenbach's *Barbe Bleue* and John Wilson in *The Last Duel* by Gary Kulesha. He has performed with The Aldeburgh Connection, The Mississauga Choral Society and The Wagner Society of Toronto. Last summer he was a vocal fellow at the Tanglewood Music Festival working under the baton of Frederico Cortese and Seiji Ozawa and in masterclasses with Phyllis Curtin, Mattias Goerne and Pierre Vallet. He sang the role of Harlekin in Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* at the Britten-Pears School, and while in Aldeburgh took masterclasses with Malcolm Martineau, Ann Murray and Graham Johnson, and appeared in a recital of Schubert and Britten at London's Wigmore Hall. Jesse currently lives in Toronto where he continues to study with Patricia Kern.

Stephen Erickson has sung Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia* with the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, Bach's *Cantata BWV112* with the Calgary Bach Festival, Uriel in *The Creation* with Mount Royal Kantorei, Bach's *Cantata BWV4* with The Elmer Iseler Singers, the Toronto première of Brian Finley's *Requiem For the Millennium*, Handel's *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and Mozart's *Coronation Mass* and *Vesperae solennes de confessore*. He appeared in the 2002 Europäisches Musikfest in Stuttgart, Germany with Helmuth Rilling as Die Erste Gefangener in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, a performance which was broadcast across Western Europe on Deutsche Radio SWD. Future roles include King George III in the Toronto première of

Taptoo! at the University of Toronto and the tenor soloist in Bach's *B Minor Mass* in Calgary. He is completing his Bachelor of Music in Performance the University of Toronto.

Wayne Gwillim is currently completing his final year of the Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance programme at the University of Toronto, with a minor in Italian Cultural studies. Studying with Peter Barnes, he has been the recipient of the Andrew Alexander Kinghorn and Greta Kraus scholarships. Wayne has performed with the MacMillan Singers and has sung in several productions with the Opera Division, including *Barbe-bleu*, *Alcina*, and the upcoming production of Beckwith's *Taptoo!* An avid lover of musical theatre, Wayne will be travelling to Kincardine and Port Stanley this summer to work as musical director/pianist for productions of *Suds*, *Eight to the Bar*, and *Forever Plaid*.

James Levesque is a recent graduate of the University of Toronto's Faculty of Music. Recent performances include Simon in Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus* with Ensemble TrypTych, Count Almaviva in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and Manuel and Cantor in Falla's *La vida breve* with the Summer Opera Lyric Theatre, Sam in Leonard Bernstein's *Trouble in Tahiti* with the Glenn Gould Professional School, Mozart's *Requiem* and Haydn's *Seven Last Words of Christ On the Cross* with the Festival Chorus in Calgary, Alcindoro in Puccini's *La bohème* and William Draper in the world premiere of Gary Kulesha's *The Last Duel* with the University of Toronto's Opera Division. James was also featured in a Young Artists Recital with the Aldeburgh Connection.

Peter McGillivray is now in his second year of study at the Opera School at the University of Toronto following an honours degree in History and Literature at University College, and has studied voice for the past four years with Lynn Blaser. He has performed many roles including The Vicar in Britten's *Albert Herring* and the title roles in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, and most recently, Walton's *The Bear*. He has studied at the Centre d'arts Orford in Quebec, the Britten-Pears School in England, and the Steans Institute at the Ravinia Festival in Chicago. Last November, he appeared at London's Wigmore Hall in a Britten/Schubert song programme with Graham Johnson.

Stephen Ralls began his musical career in England, with the English Opera Group where he was selected as chief répétiteur for Britten's last opera, *Death in Venice*, and played the important solo piano part in the first performances and on the Decca recording. This led to recital appearances with Sir Peter Pears at the Aldeburgh Festival and on the BBC, and to Mr Ralls' appointment to the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh. His reputation extended to Canada following his appointment in 1978 to the staff of the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, where he is now Musical Director of the Opera Division. He has accom-

panied Canada's finest singers in numerous concerts, festivals and broadcasts. He has also worked with the Canadian Opera Company, the Banff Centre and the National Arts Centre. His recordings include *L'Invitation au voyage*, songs of Henri Duparc, with Catherine Robbin and Gerald Finley, *Songs of Oskar Morawetz*, *The Lyrical Art of Mark Pedrotti*, *The Aldeburgh Connection: Schumann, Brahms and Greer and Benjamin Britten: The Canticles*. His recording *Songs of Travel*, with Gerald Finley, won a 1998 JUNO.

Glynis Ratcliffe holds both Bachelor of Music and Master of Music degrees in Voice from the University of Toronto. Ms. Ratcliffe's love of *Lieder* and *Mélo die* guides her to places like California, the United Kingdom and Alberta to study with renowned artists like Rudolph Jansen, and Martin Katz. An alumna of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, she has studied with Elisabeth Söderström, Malcolm Martineau and soprano Ann Murray. In November 2002, Ms. Ratcliffe received a grant from the Canada Council for the Arts, returning her to the Britten-Pears School to study the songs of Franz Schubert with Graham Johnson. She has recently recorded vocals for the score of the upcoming motion picture, *A Midsummer Night's Awakening* (written and directed by Shawn Postoff), and sang as a featured artist in the Mountain View Connection Young Artists Series in Calgary.

Helmut Reichenbacher graduated with degrees in Music from the College of Music, Cologne and in English Literature from the University of Cologne, Germany. He received his Ph.D. from the Department of English, University of Toronto. His professional experiences include Editor of Publications for the Canadian Opera Company and Associate Producer for CBC Radio Music. He is currently a Post-doctoral Fellow in the Department of English, the University of Toronto.

Catherine Robbin is welcomed on the world's concert and recital stages in repertoire ranging from Bach and Handel to Britten, Elgar, Schubert, Mahler and Berlioz. A highlight last season was the Canadian première of Penderecki's *Credo* at the International Choral Festival in Toronto with the composer conducting. She sang with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem in Bach's *Magnificat*, *Cantata No. 36* with Portland Baroque, *Messiah* with Tafelmusik, the *St. Matthew Passion* with the Vancouver Bach Choir, and with Chicago's Music of the Baroque in a Vivaldi Festival. This season's engagements include recitals for Vancouver's *Music in the Morning* series and Victoria's *Musica Victoria*, and the Women's Musical Club of Toronto, *Messiah* with San Francisco's Philharmonia Baroque and her final performances of this Handel masterpiece at Roy Thomson Hall with the Toronto Symphony. She is singing Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*, a work she recorded with John Eliot Gardiner for Philips, for the Edmonton Symphony and Bach's *St. John Passion* with the Kitchener-Waterloo Philharmonic Choir. In a special tribute to her artistry and career, she will appear

with The Aldeburgh Connection in a concert dedicated to her on April 27, and CBC has planned a grand finale at the Glenn Gould Studio with Ms. Robbin and Tafelmusik on May 12, 2003. Ms. Robbin has recently been appointed Assistant Professor of the Music Faculty at York University.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, working with singers such as Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, and appearing in many recital engagements with Catherine Robbin here in Canada and on tour in France. Earlier this season he toured British Columbia in recital performances with Catherine Robbin and soprano Donna Brown. In addition to a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus, his other musical activities have included performances with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Elmer Iseler Singers and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements on the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records and the Britten *Canticles* on the Marquis Label. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.

Katherine Whyte is a recent graduate from the University of Toronto, receiving her Bachelor of Voice Performance, and has just entered her first year in a Masters of Opera also at the University of Toronto. In the summer of 2002 she sang the role of Barbarina with the Summer Opera Lyric Theatre. She was Oberto in the Opera Division's fall production of *Alcina* and will be playing the role of Ebenezer in their upcoming production of *Taptoo!* Katherine has attended the Britten-Pears School for the last two summers, studying with Sir Thomas Allen and Robert Tear. She is currently studying with Professor Darryl Edwards and is the recipient of a Scace Fellowship.

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